THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

Once more we crossed, in the most regal of cities, at that greatest of all meetings, the Imperial Durbar, the scene that most wondrous of all spectacles, the great State Ball. Round the white canvas city of the camp ran the toy railway right to the turret walls, even to the blood-red halls of the Moghul, where the silver shimmering draperies I had carried bravely into the Royal Presence of England seemed almost like Cinderella's rags amidst that gorgeous array of the most splendid of every nation under Heaven, assembled at the bidding of the strongest man and the loveliest woman of our generation.

The grass grows now over the site of that phantom city. The Durbar arena itself is naught but a low monsoon-washed mound of earth, the railway, the polo grounds, the exhibitions, the spectacles, the crowds, the troops, the bands, have vanished like a fairy dream, but the memories of that meeting ot all meetings abide still and have moulded the destinies of men and women in

lives
unnumbered.

Yet once more, for the third time, we met, and again in Imperial Delhi, in a smart modern hotel on the outskirts of the city,

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